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DOCTOR WHO
THE FORGOTTEN
Tony Lee
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DOCTOR · WHO

THE FORGOTTEN

Written by >> Tony Lee

Art by >> Pia Guerra

Flashback Sequence Inks by >> Kent Archer

Colors by >> Charlie Kirchoff and Kris Carter

Letters by >> Comicraft's Richard Starkings

Edits by >> Denton J. Tipton

Regular Cover
Art by Nick Roche
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff

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Photo Cover

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Design:
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Ben Templesmith, Artist/Designer
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
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Amauri Osorio, Graphic Artist

Advertising Sales: (858) 270-1315 x 101
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DOCTOR!

DON'T YOU DARE HNF DIE ON ME! HNF
COME ON! TWO HEARTS SHOULD BE HNF EASIER TO DO HNF THIS ON!

HFFFF

PLEASE, DOCTOR... HNF I NEED YOU HERE! HNF DAMMIT! DON'T DIE ON ME!

GASP!
COUGH
COUGH
DOCTOR! YOU'RE ALIVE!

WHY... MARTHA JONES–
–DID YOU JUST KISS ME?

IDIOT.
I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU.
THUNK
OW

LEFT ONE SOUNDS FINE– RIGHT ONE'S RUNNING A LITTLE FAST–
–FIGHTING FIT AND READY FOR ACTION!

YEAH– WELL, YOU MIGHT BE THE DOCTOR...
...BUT SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO REMIND YOU THAT CURRENTLY THERE'S MORE THAN ONE DOCTOR IN THE TARDIS.

RIGHT THEN. SHALL WE FIND THE TARDIS AND GET OUT OF HERE?
I'D RATHER BE GONE BEFORE ANY OLD FRIENDS APPEAR.
OLD FRIENDS? WHAT A GRAND IDEA, DOCTOR.
LET US HAVE SOME OLD FRIENDS OVER FOR TEA.

CLICK

LET'S GO! ALLONS-Y, MARTHA JONES!
I THINK I PREFERRED IT WHEN YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS.

YEAH, I GET THAT A LOT.
CRASH
NOW THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD. I RECKON WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

STAY HERE AND SEE WHAT YOU GET FROM THIS. I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND US A WEAPON OR SOMETHING.
JUST REMEMBER, NO BREAKING THE EXHIBIT PLASMA WALLS WITH BARE SKIN.
AND BE CAREFUL, IT'LL STILL GIVE YOU A SHOCK.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I PLAYED A RECORDER!
FZZZZTTTT
OW!
YEAH, I'M NOT REALLY SURE YOU CAN CALL THAT PLAYING.

WELL, IT'S PROBABLY BEEN A WHILE. I JUST NEED A LITTLE PRACTICE.
I REMEMBER THIS NOW. I USED TO PLAY IT A LOT. BEN HATED IT...

"...AND JAMIE ALWAYS TRIED TO *HIDE* IT..."

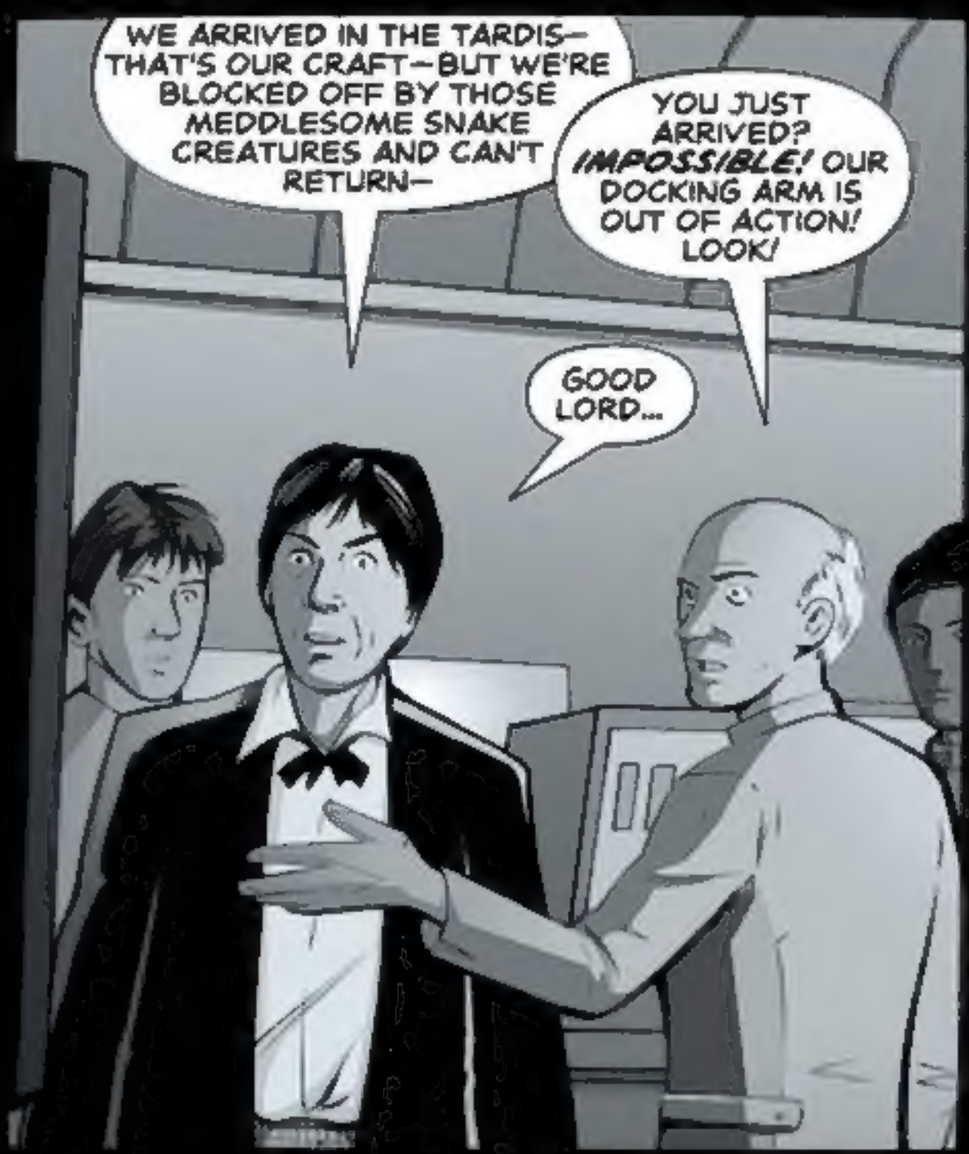
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER!

WHEN I SAY RUN—RUN!

RUN!

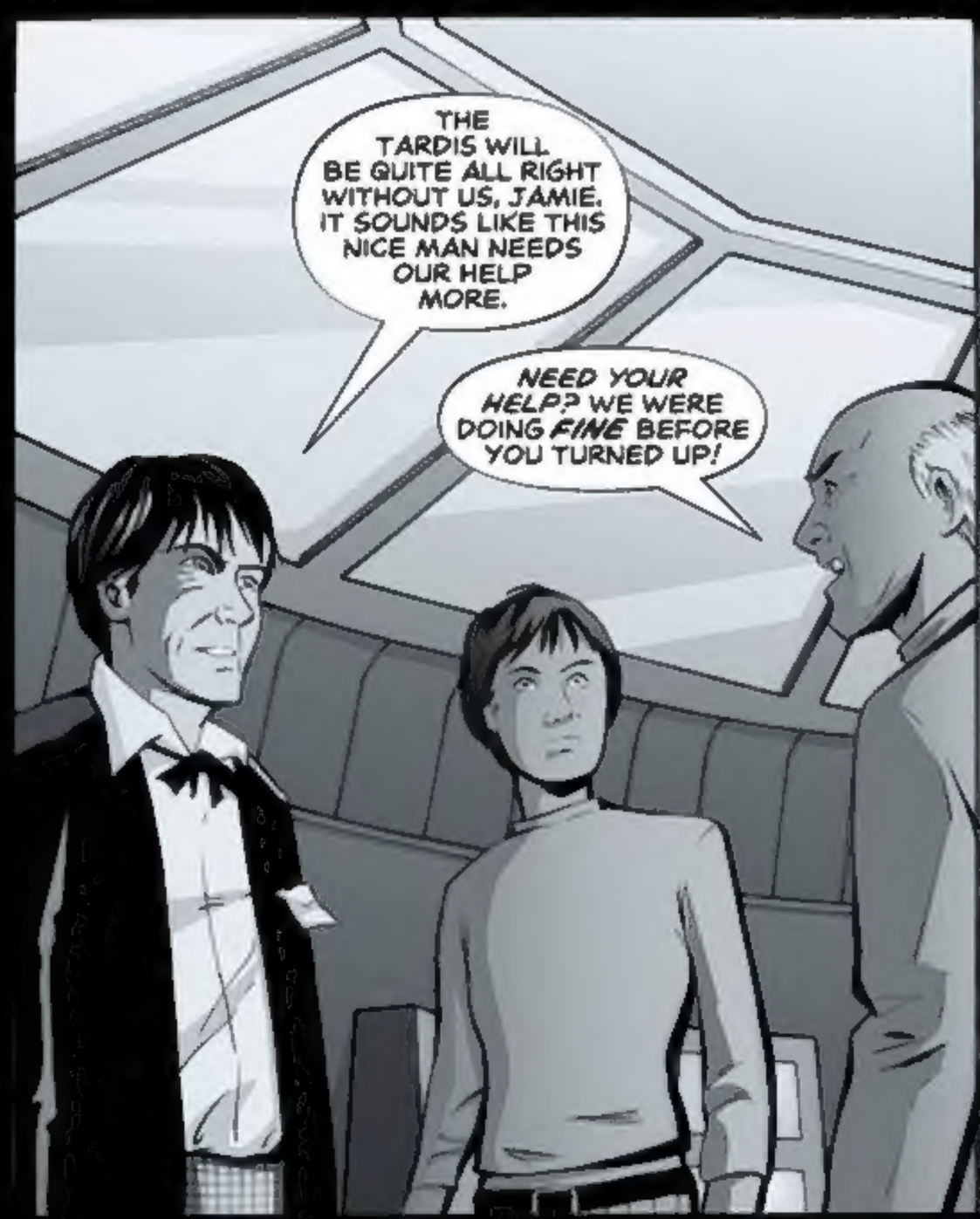
ME? OH, I'M *THE DOCTOR.*

AND THESE ARE MY COMPANIONS—*JAMIE McCRIMMON* AND *ZOE HERIOT.*


WE ARRIVED IN THE TARDIS— THAT'S OUR CRAFT—BUT WE'RE BLOCKED OFF BY THOSE MEDDLESOME SNAKE CREATURES AND CAN'T RETURN—
YOU JUST ARRIVED? *IMPOSSIBLE!* OUR DOCKING ARM IS OUT OF ACTION! LOOK!
GOOD LORD...

...AN ALVARIAN SPACE WYRM!
NO WONDER YOU'RE OVERRUN WITH LITTLE SNAKE SOLDIERS!

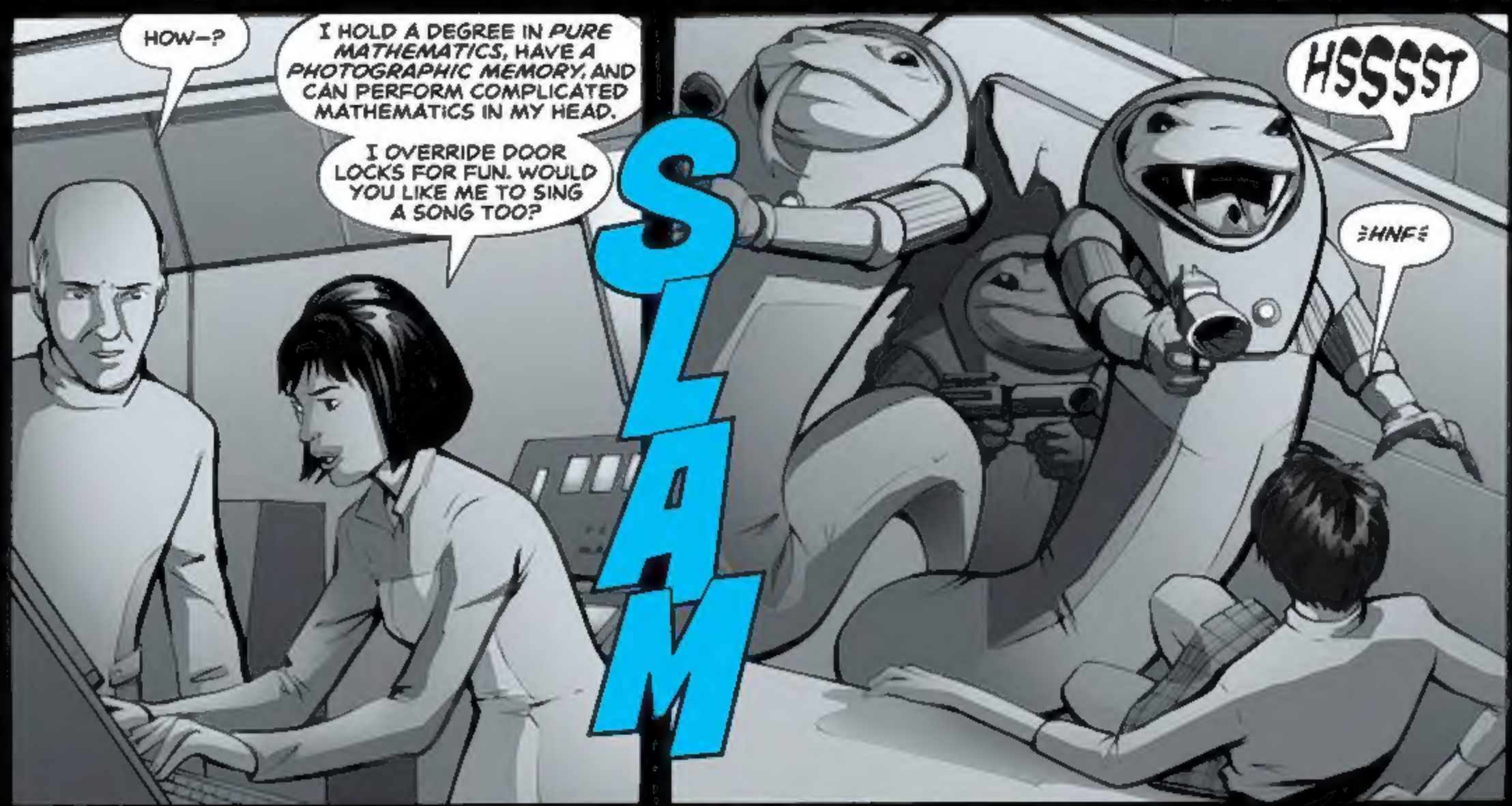
NOW LISTEN HERE, "*DOCTOR.*" YOU CAN JUST TOODLE OFF BACK TO YOUR "*TARDY*" AND GET OFF MY STATION!
NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO BE LIKE THAT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HAVING A BAD DAY!
AYE—WE CANNAE GET BACK TAE THE TARDIS ANYWAY! NOT WHILE THEY'RE OUT THERE!


THE TARDIS WILL BE QUITE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT US, JAMIE. IT SOUNDS LIKE THIS NICE MAN NEEDS OUR HELP MORE.
NEED YOUR HELP? WE WERE DOING *FINE* BEFORE YOU TURNED UP!

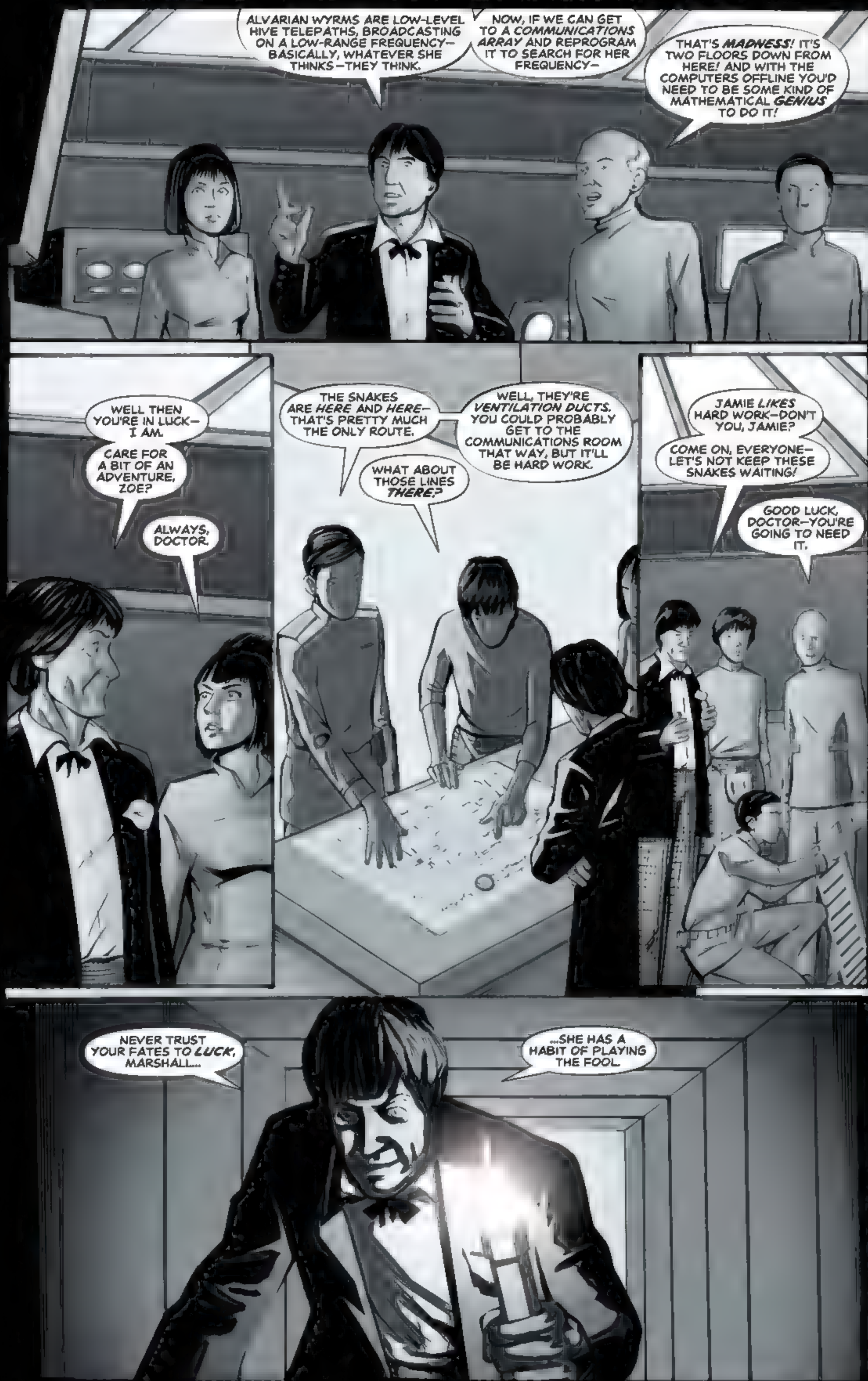
YES, TRAPPED IN A CONTROL ROOM— YOU WERE DOING WONDERFULLY. NOW, I SUGGEST WE CONSIDER—
MARSHALL! THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH!

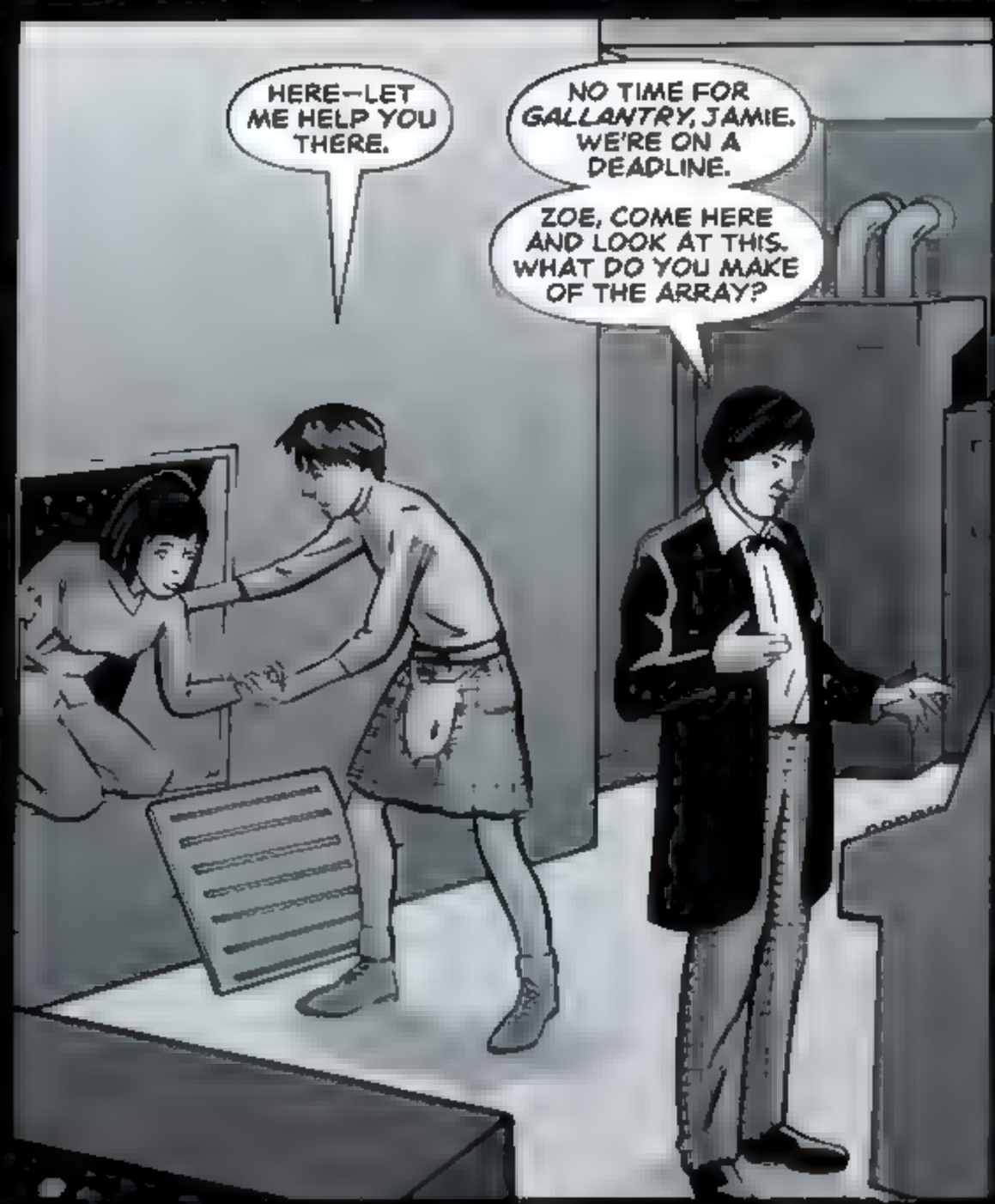
SHUT THE BLAST DOORS! SHUT THE BLAST DOORS!
CRASH
WE CAN'T! THE COMPUTER WAS DAMAGED. WE CAN'T MAKE THE CALCULATIONS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED ALGORYTHMS!

I SUGGEST YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY THEN! LET ME DO IT!
GET BACK, YOU SNAKE!


HOW—?
I HOLD A DEGREE IN PURE MATHEMATICS, HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, AND CAN PERFORM COMPLICATED MATHEMATICS IN MY HEAD.
I OVERRIDE DOOR LOCKS FOR FUN. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SING A SONG TOO?
SLAM
HSSSST
HNF

LEARNED THAT ONE FROM AN INDIAN SWAMI, YOU KNOW. SENDS THE LITTLE FELLOWS STRAIGHT TO SLEEP.
STRANGE CHAP, BIT OF A LISP. NOW, SHALL WE GET TO BUSINESS?

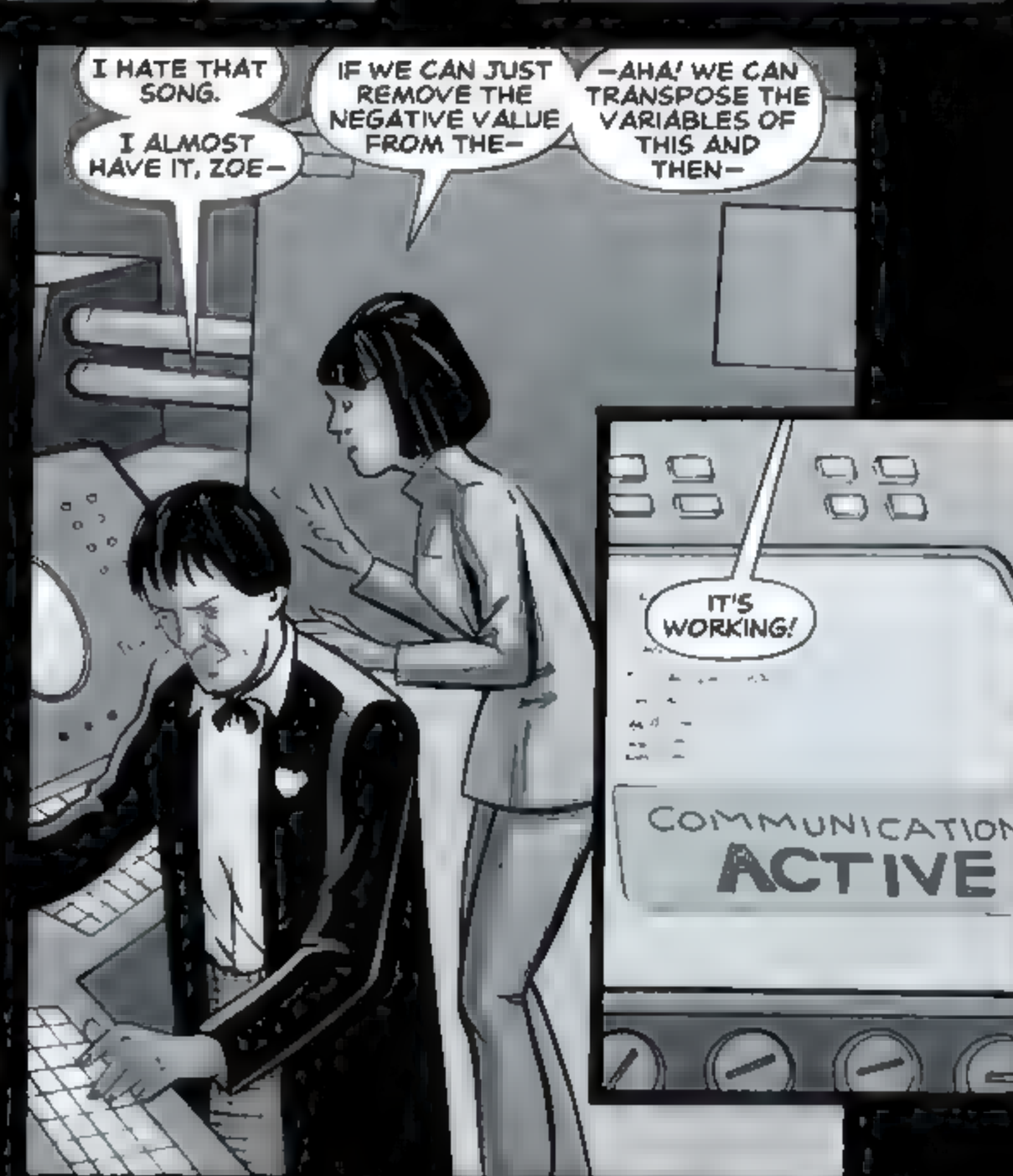

ALVARIAN WYRMS ARE LOW-LEVEL HIVE TELEPATHS, BROADCASTING ON A LOW-RANGE FREQUENCY—BASICALLY, WHATEVER SHE THINKS—THEY THINK.
NOW, IF WE CAN GET TO A *COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY* AND REPROGRAM IT TO SEARCH FOR HER FREQUENCY—
THAT'S *MADNESS!* IT'S TWO FLOORS DOWN FROM HERE! AND WITH THE COMPUTERS OFFLINE YOU'D NEED TO BE SOME KIND OF MATHEMATICAL *GENIUS* TO DO IT!
WELL THEN YOU'RE IN LUCK—I AM.
CARE FOR A BIT OF AN ADVENTURE, ZOE?
ALWAYS, DOCTOR.
THE SNAKES ARE *HERE* AND *HERE*—THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY ROUTE.
WHAT ABOUT THOSE LINES *THERE?*
WELL, THEY'RE *VENTILATION DUCTS.* YOU COULD PROBABLY GET TO THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM THAT WAY, BUT IT'LL BE HARD WORK.
JAMIE *LIKES* HARD WORK—DON'T YOU, JAMIE?
COME ON, EVERYONE—LET'S NOT KEEP THESE SNAKES WAITING!
GOOD LUCK, DOCTOR—YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT.
NEVER TRUST YOUR FATES TO *LUCK,* MARSHALL...
...SHE HAS A HABIT OF PLAYING THE FOOL.


HERE—LET ME HELP YOU THERE.
NO TIME FOR GALLANTRY, JAMIE. WE'RE ON A DEADLINE.
ZOE, COME HERE AND LOOK AT THIS. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE ARRAY?

IT'S A BASE DYNAMIC SYSTEM WITH A TETRAHEDRON CORE. IT'S AWKWARD, BUT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG—
WE MIGHT NOT HAVE LONG, DOCTOR! I CAN HEAR THE SNAKES COMING!

THERE'S NAE NEED FOR ME HERE. I'LL SERVE YOU BEST AS A DISTRACTION!
JAMIE! WAIT!

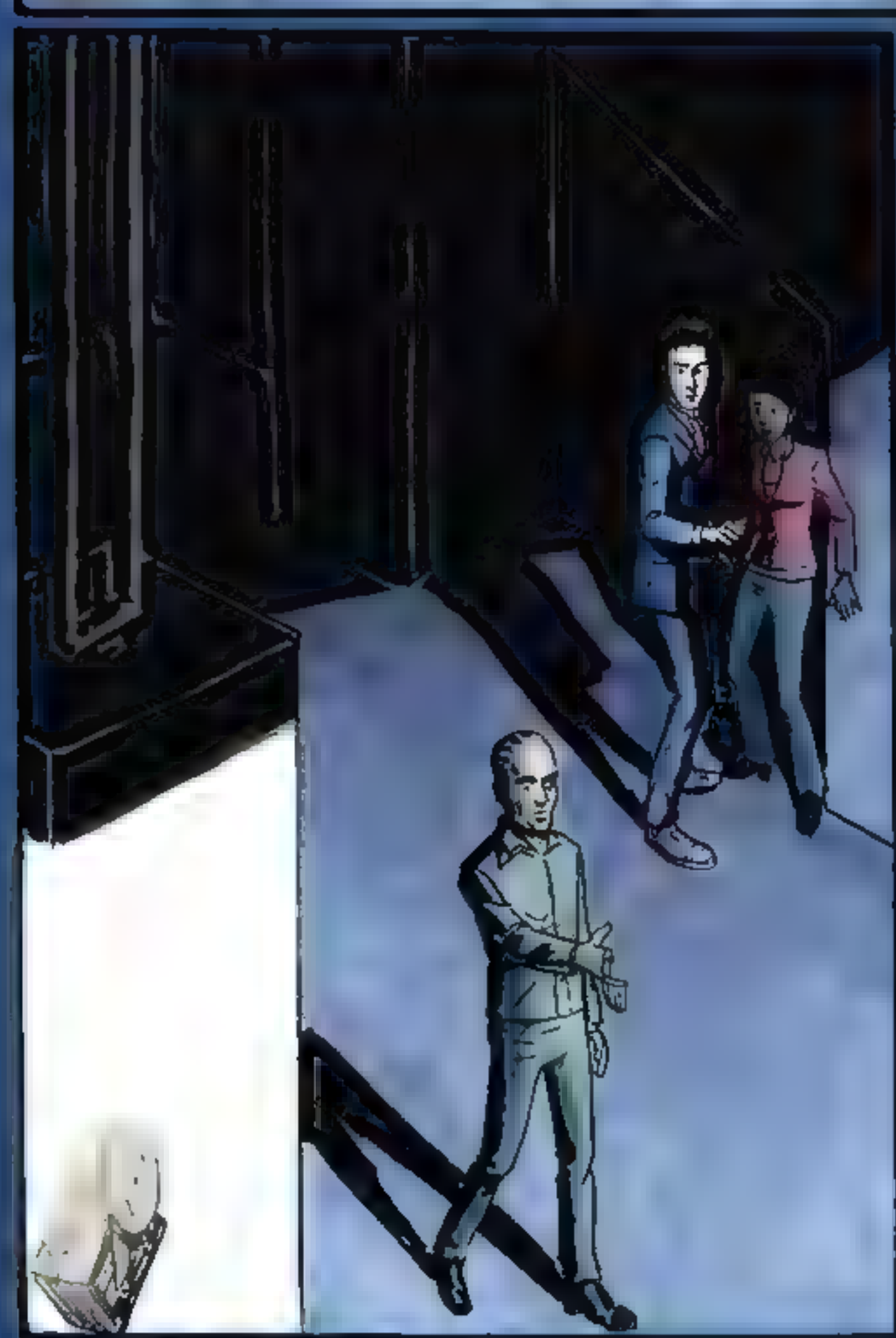
COME ON, SNAKEYS! FOLLOW ME!
WHO KNOWS, YOU SAY—BUT ARE YOU RIGHT—WHO SUCH INDEED TAE FIND THE LIGHT!


I HATE THAT SONG.
I ALMOST HAVE IT, ZOE—
IF WE CAN JUST REMOVE THE NEGATIVE VALUE FROM THE—
—AHA! WE CAN TRANSPOSE THE VARIABLES OF THIS AND THEN—
IT'S WORKING!
COMMUNICATION ACTIVE

WE'RE LIVE AND DIRECT INTO THE WYRM'S MIND! PLAY THE TUNE, DOCTOR!
IT'S WORKING, DOCTOR! THEY'RE FALLING ASLEEP!
YOU DID IT, DOCTOR!
NO, ZOE—WE DID IT! NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO THE TARDIS AND OFF THIS STATION BEFORE MARSHALL REACHES US!
AFTER ALL, I KNOW A MUSIC CRITIC WHEN I SEE ONE!

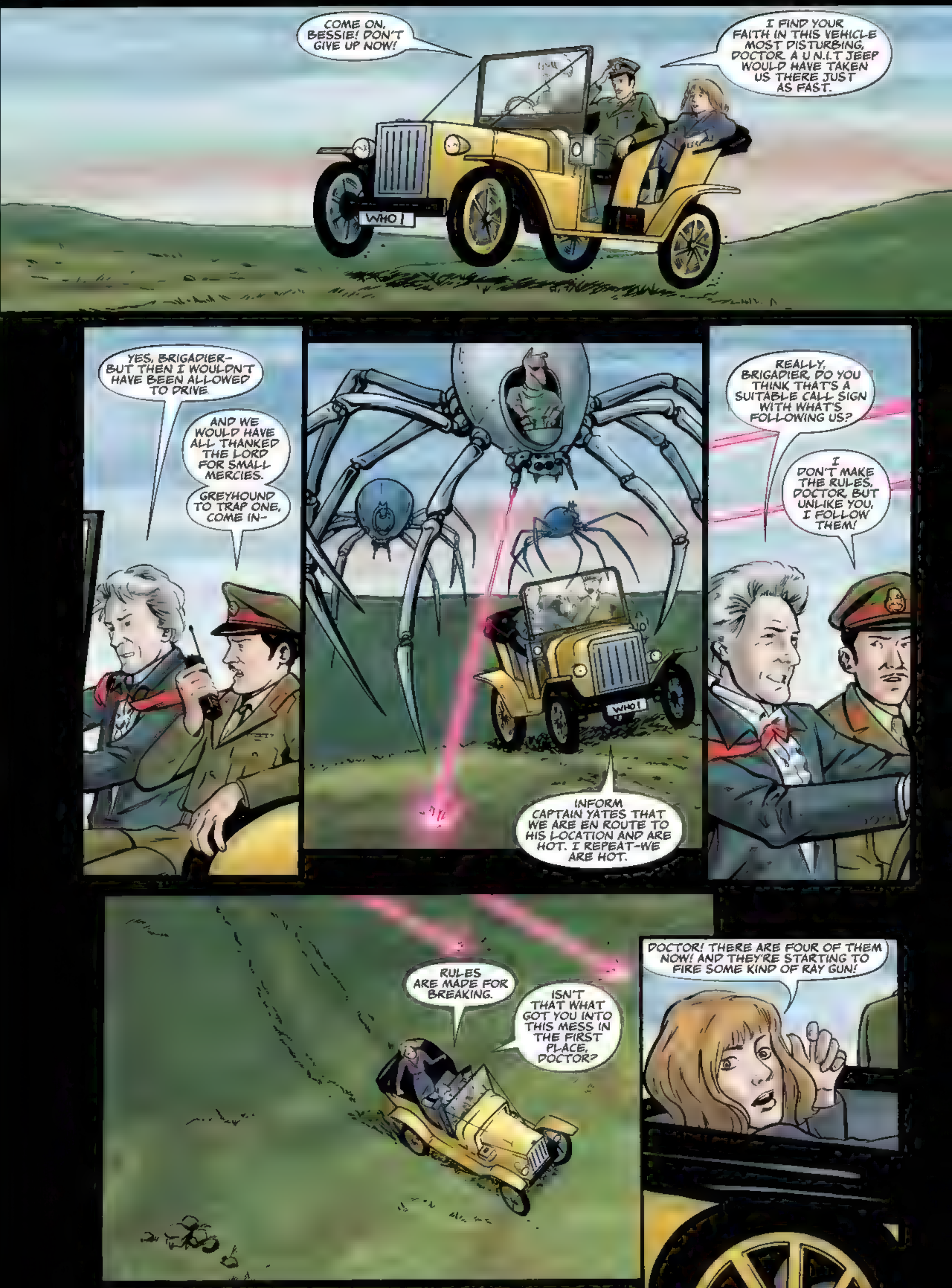
RIGHT THEN. LET'S SEE IF THESE EXTRA MEMORIES CAN ASSIST US!
I HOPE SO! WHAT HAPPENED TO JAMIE AND ZOE?
THEY WERE RETURNED TO THEIR CORRECT TIMES, THEIR MEMORIES OF ME ERASED.
THE TIME LORDS DID IT—I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER. WELL, DON'T KNOW YET. WHICH IS ODD, AS I REMEMBER OTHER THINGS—RASSILON, THE TIME WAR..
HERE, I FOUND A BAG TO PUT YOUR ITEMS IN, BUT THERE ARE SOME DODGY LOOKING AEROSOL CANS IN IT.
THIS IS YOUR EXHIBITION—ANY CLUES TO WHAT THEY ARE?
NO, I DON'T—
—THIS IS NITROGLYCERINE! WHAT KIND OF LUNATIC RUNS AROUND WITH A RUCKSACK FULL OF THESE?
THEY COULD TAKE OUT A TANK!
LOOK OUT!
PTCHK
PTCHK
PTCHK
PTCHK

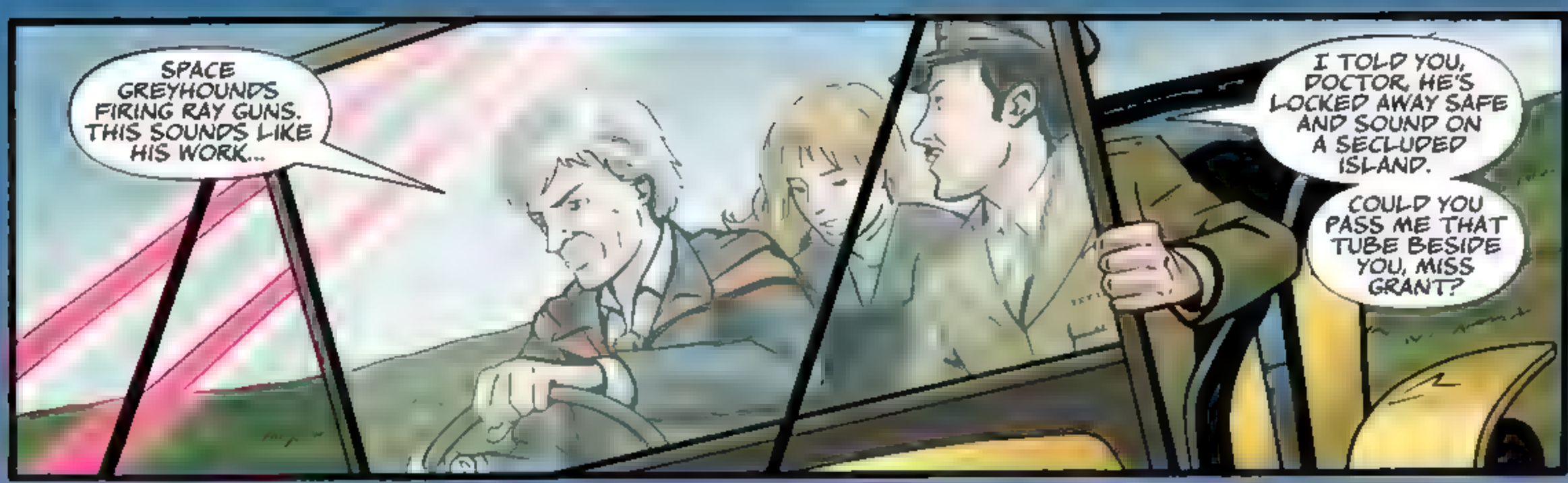
MARTHA! RUN!
DOCTOR, WHAT IS IT?
YEAH, I'LL GET BACK TO YOU ON THAT! NOT THE FOGGIEST!
BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S FOLLOWING US!



THEN AGAIN– PERHAPS IT ISN'T.
IT MUST BE FROM LATER IN YOUR LIFE. WE NEED TO GAIN MORE MEMORIES. HERE–
–WHAT DO THESE KEYS TELL YOU?

I... I REMEMBER A NAME.
BESSIE.
LET ME GUESS– ANOTHER COMPANION? YOU COLLECT THEM LIKE PEOPLE COLLECT TRADING CARDS!
OH, BESSIE WAS MORE THAN A COMPANION.
MUCH, MUCH MORE...

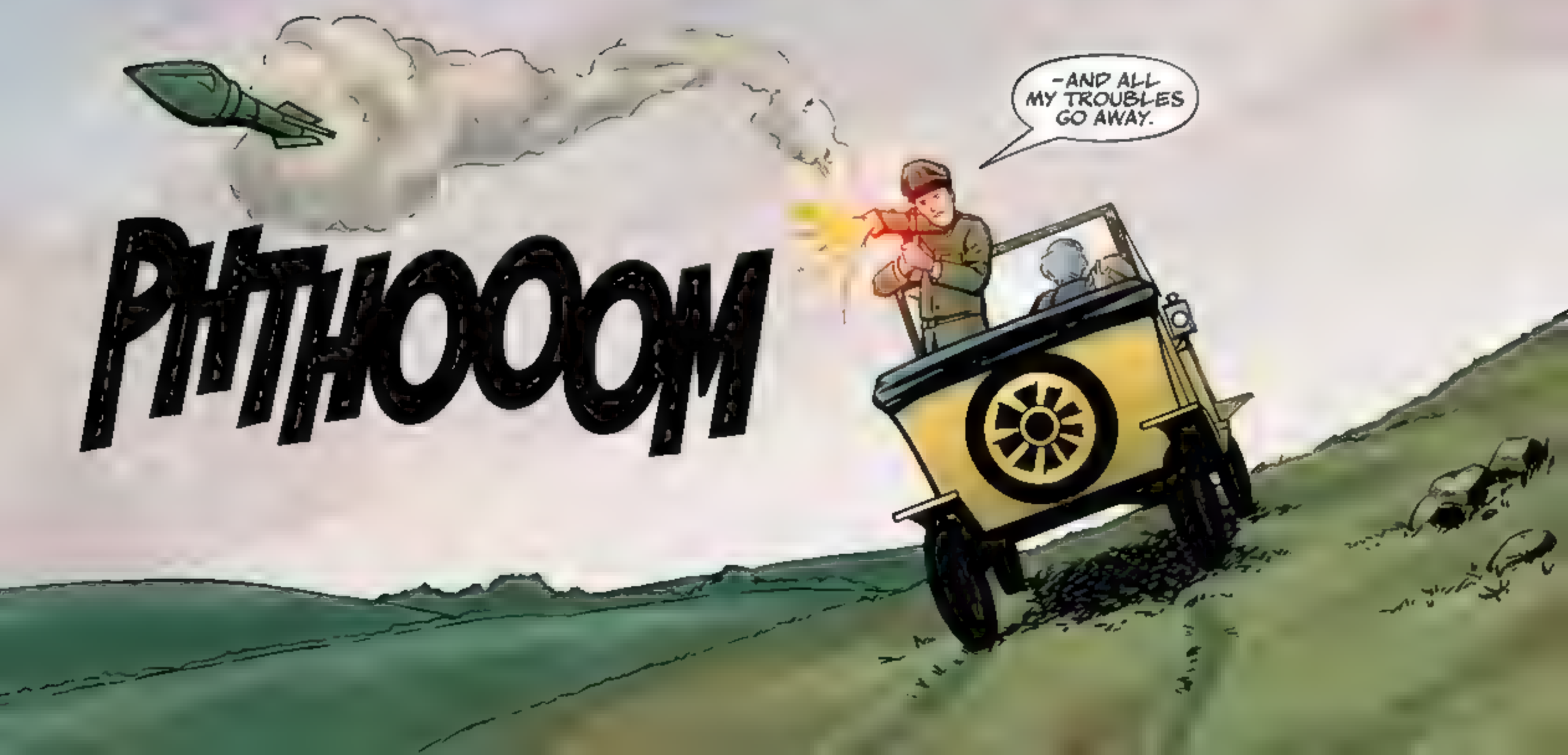

COME ON, BESSIE! DON'T GIVE UP NOW!
I FIND YOUR FAITH IN THIS VEHICLE MOST DISTURBING, DOCTOR. A U.N.I.T JEEP WOULD HAVE TAKEN US THERE JUST AS FAST.
WHO!
YES, BRIGADIER– BUT THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO DRIVE.
AND WE WOULD HAVE ALL THANKED THE LORD FOR SMALL MERCIES.
GREYHOUND TO TRAP ONE, COME IN–
WHO!
INFORM CAPTAIN YATES THAT WE ARE EN ROUTE TO HIS LOCATION AND ARE HOT. I REPEAT–WE ARE HOT.
REALLY, BRIGADIER, DO YOU THINK THAT'S A SUITABLE CALL SIGN WITH WHAT'S FOLLOWING US?
I DON'T MAKE THE RULES, DOCTOR, BUT UNLIKE YOU, I FOLLOW THEM!
RULES ARE MADE FOR BREAKING.
ISN'T THAT WHAT GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE, DOCTOR?
DOCTOR! THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM NOW! AND THEY'RE STARTING TO FIRE SOME KIND OF RAY GUN!


SPACE GREYHOUNDS FIRING RAY GUNS. THIS SOUNDS LIKE HIS WORK...
I TOLD YOU, DOCTOR, HE'S LOCKED AWAY SAFE AND SOUND ON A SECLUDED ISLAND.
COULD YOU PASS ME THAT TUBE BESIDE YOU, MISS GRANT?

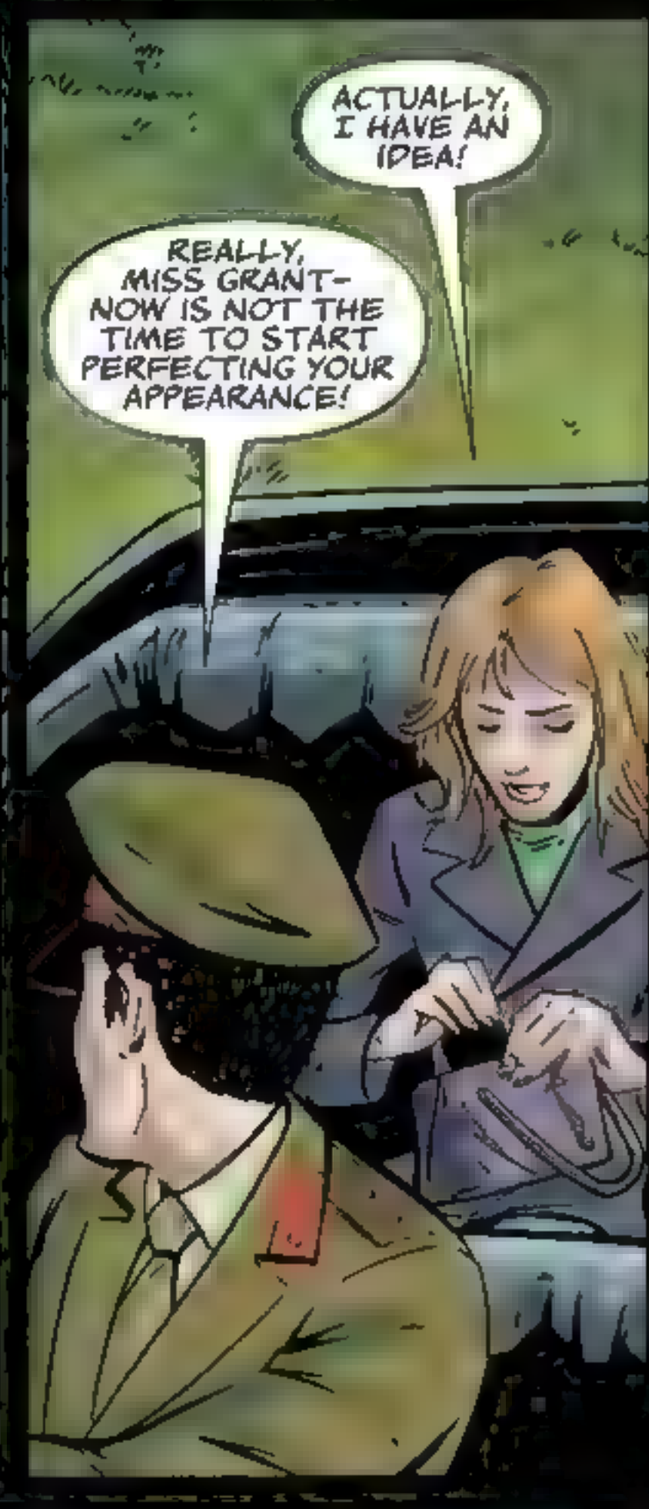
IT LOOKS LIKE THESE DOGS ARE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE MORE THAN A ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPER TO STOP THEM.
BRIGADIER! BE CAREFUL!

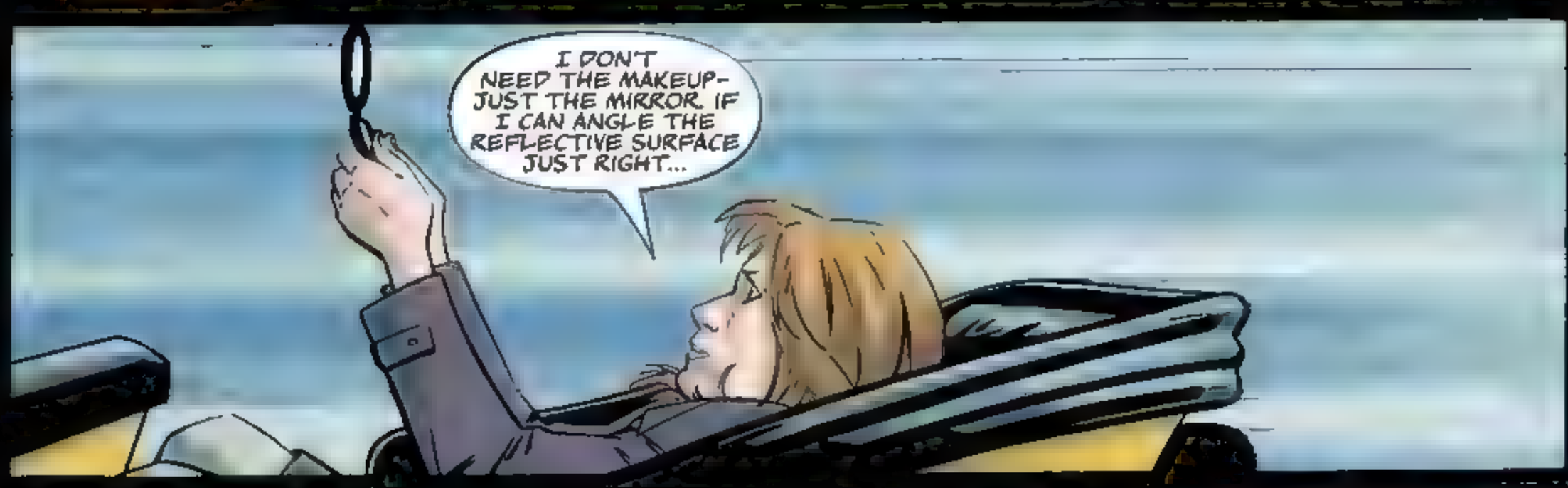
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU FOOL?!

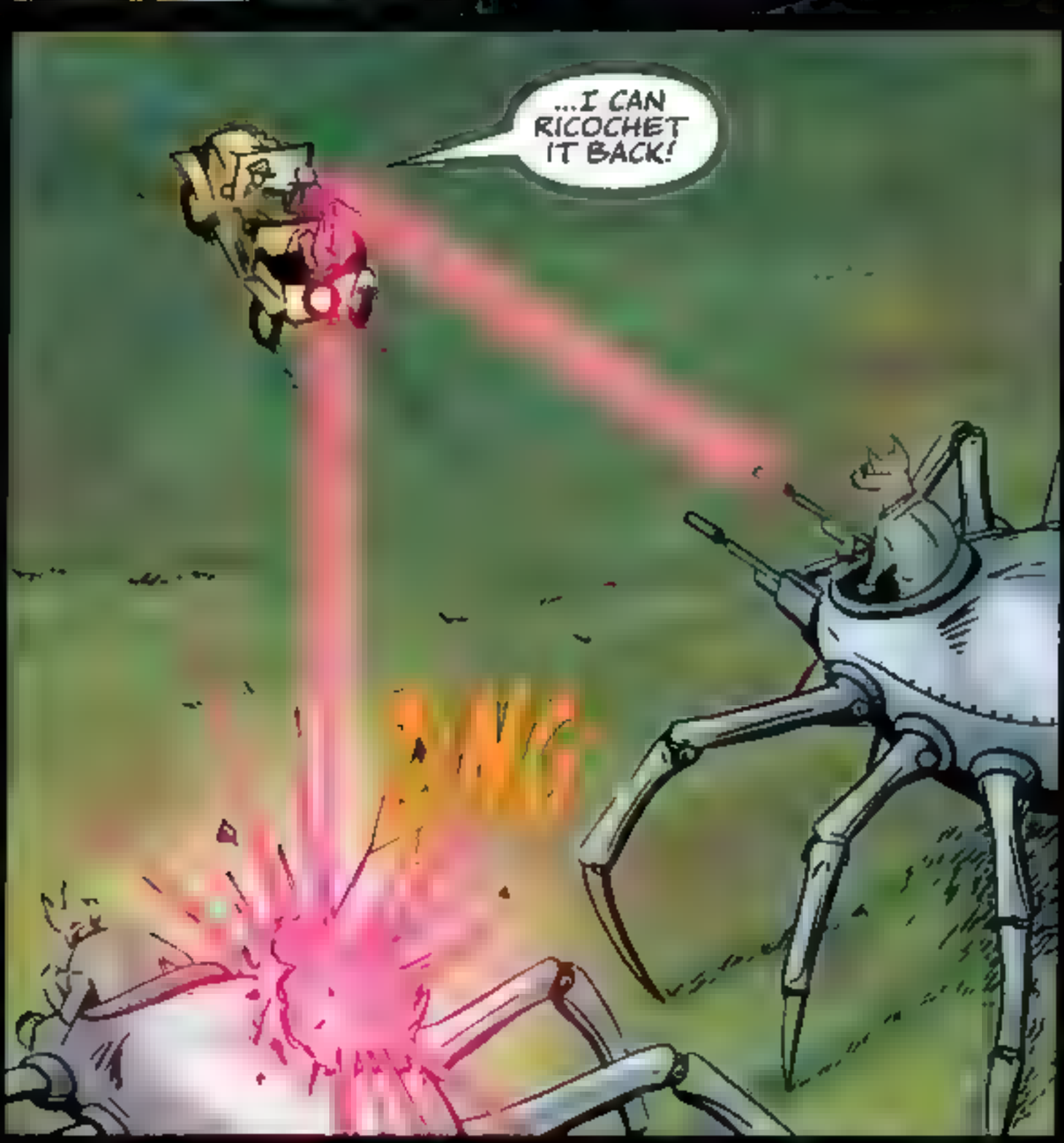
I CALL THIS MY "SONIC SCREWDRIVER," DOCTOR.
I POINT IT AT MY TARGET, PRESS THIS BUTTON-


PHTHOOOM
-AND ALL MY TROUBLES GO AWAY.

WELL DONE. BUT THAT STILL LEAVES THREE MORE BEFORE WE GET TO U.N.I.T H.Q.
ANY MORE TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE?
NOT REALLY. I USUALLY LEAVE THAT TO YOU.


ACTUALLY, I HAVE AN IDEA!
REALLY, MISS GRANT– NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO START PERFECTING YOUR APPEARANCE!


I DON'T NEED THE MAKEUP– JUST THE MIRROR. IF I CAN ANGLE THE REFLECTIVE SURFACE JUST RIGHT...


...I CAN RICOCHET IT BACK!
BANG

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, JO! BRAVO!
YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SO SURPRISED– I DO KEEP TELLING YOU THAT I'M A FULLY QUALIFIED AGENT.

THERE'S STILL TWO MORE TO STOP! DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE IDEAS, DOCTOR?

CAN YOU FLY, BRIGADIER?

OF COURSE I CAN'T FLY!

IN THAT CASE-NO.

HOLD ON TIGHT! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

SERGEANT! SOMETHING'S APPROACHING! AND IT'S BEING CHASED BY THOSE DOG THINGS!

BLIMEY-IT'S THE BRIG! AND THE DOCTOR!

MAKE ROOM FOR THE BRIGADIER! NOW!

BENTON! DOG WITH THE METAL LEGS THERE-FIVE ROUNDS, RAPID!

SCREECH

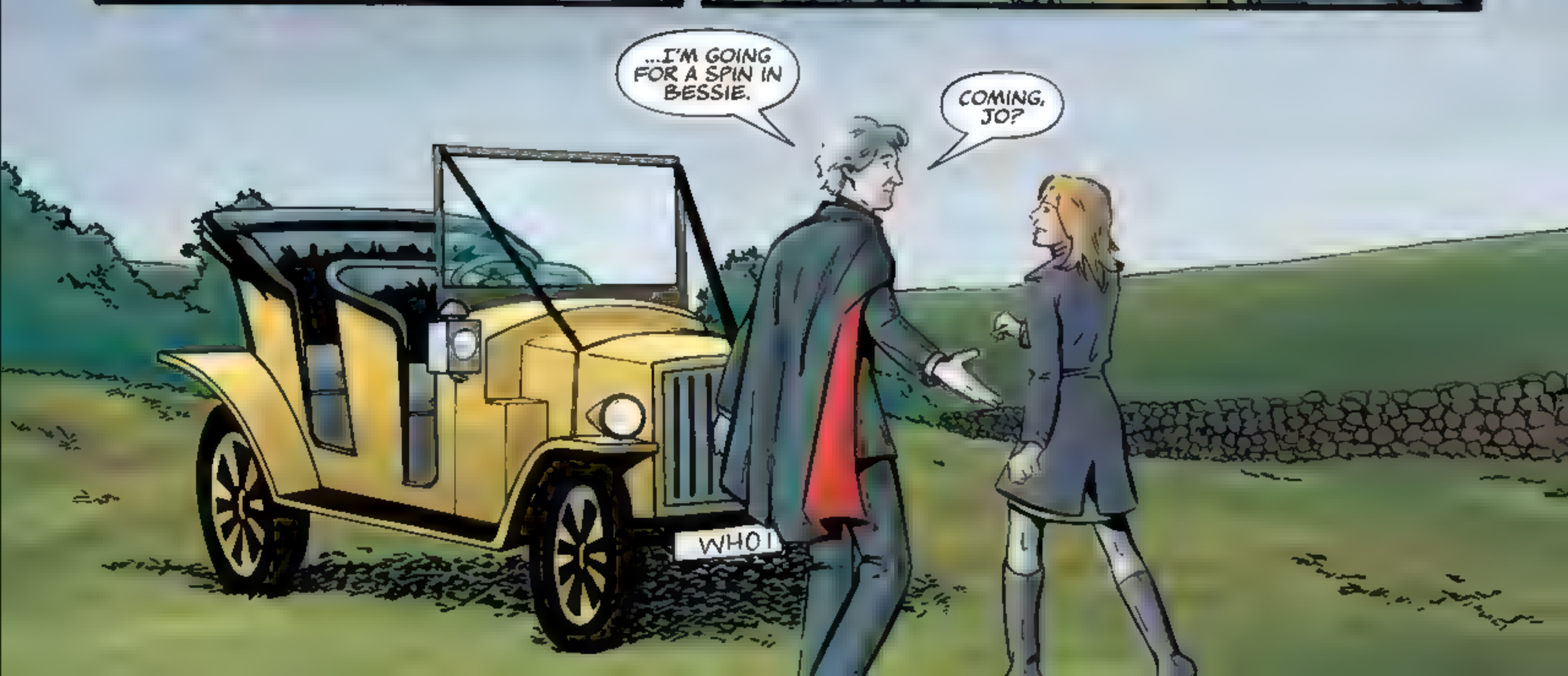
CAPTAIN YATES! DOES THAT LOUDSPEAKER WORK?
WHY YES, DOCTOR ARE YOU GOING TO COMMAND THEM TO SIT?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT. NOW, I NEED MY SONIC SCREWDRIVER.
YATES-GET YOUR MEN TO THE LEFT! WE MAY NEED A SKIRMISH LINE IF THEY BREAK THROUGH BENTON'S BARRICADE!
ALL HE HAS TO DO IS HOLD THEM FOR A FEW MOMENTS LONGER-ALL I NEED TO DO IS REVERSE-
LET ME GUESS- THE POLARITY OF THE NEUTRON FLOW? ISN'T THAT THE USUAL TECHNOBABBLE YOU SPOUT?
ACTUALLY, BRIGADIER, I WAS GOING TO SAY "REVERSE THESE TWO WIRES."
BUT YOUR ANSWER SOUNDED MUCH BETTER. WE'LL MAKE A SCIENTIST OF YOU YET!
JUST KILL ME NOW, YATES.
A DOG WHISTLE!
YOU'RE USING THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER TO MAKE A GIANT DOG WHISTLE!
OF A SORT, JO- AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT CALLED A SONIC SCREWDRIVER FOR NOTHING...

...BUT INSTEAD OF CALLING THEM, I INTEND TO USE THE SONICS TO OVERLOAD THEM-FORCE THEIR BRAINS TO SHUT DOWN, AND SEND THEM TO SLEEP.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO STEP BACK. IT'S ABOVE OUR HEARING RANGE, BUT IT'LL STILL BE UNCOMFORTABLE.

SWEEEEEEEEEEE
DOCTOR! IT'S WORKING!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
CLANG

WELL DONE, DOCTOR.
NOW, AS U.N.I.T'S CHIEF SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR, I'LL NEED YOU TO WRITE A FULL REPORT ON TODAY'S ACTIVITIES.
OH, I THINK NOT, BRIGADIER...
...YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE TO THE BOYS IN GENEVA...


...I'M GOING FOR A SPIN IN BESSIE.
COMING, JO?
WHO 1

AUTONS!

IT'S AN AUTON! I REMEMBER NOW!
THEY'RE NOT REAL! WELL, THAT IS THEY'RE REAL, BUT THEY'RE CONSTRUCTS! THEY'RE PLASTIC TOYS WITH GUNS AND ATTITUDE AND...

...AND THEY SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT WITHOUT A NESTENE CONSCIOUSNESS AROUND– AND WE'D HAVE NOTICED ONE BY NOW. HMM.

ANYWAY, NOW I KNOW WHAT AN AUTON'S–
–AH. WHOOPS.
CLICK

BLAM BLAM BLAM
PTCHK
PTCHK PTK
GET DOWN!
SO IT'S NOT ALIVE! THAT'S GREAT! WE STILL CAN'T GET NEAR IT!
THAT MIGHT NOT BE THE CASE, ACTUALLY...
...ONE OF THESE LITTLE BEAUTIES MIGHT PULL IT OFF.
DOCTOR!
HELLO THERE!
I'M THE DOCTOR. BUT YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT.
YOU'RE NOT REAL. THERE'S NO NESTENE TO PULL YOUR STRINGS. YOU'RE FAKE.
AND THAT MEANS YOU CAN GO BOOM.
TINK
TINK

FOOOOOOM!
COMMUNICATION!
THAT'S WHAT MY TWO MEMORIES MEANT! FINDING A WAY TO COMMUNICATE!
COMMUNICATE WITH WHO? WHOEVER SENT THAT THING TO KILL US?
NO-THE TARDIS.
I CAN USE THE TARDIS KEY ON THIS KEYRING-REVERSE THE POLARITY, SEND OUT A KIND OF TRACKING THINGIE...
...AND BOB'S YOUR UNCLE-WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE AND WHEN THE TARDIS IS!
CAN YOU REALLY DO THAT?
DUH... DOCTOR.
WAIT A SECOND-THIS ISN'T RIGHT. WE SHOULD HAVE HAD SOMETHING BY NOW.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS, MARTHA, THAT THERE *IS* NO TARDIS TO FIT THIS KEY.
IT'S GONE. *REMOVED* FROM THE SPACE AND TIME CONTINUUM.
THE TARDIS HAS BEEN **DESTROYED!**
NEXT • MISDIRECTION